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VOLUME 41. CHICAGO, JULY 7, 1898. NUMBER 19.

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Just the scantiest of soil for rooting,
Just the homeliest of plain brown seeds,
And the common air and summer sunshine,
That is all the little daisy needs

To repeat the old, old flower-wonder,
Ever new and every morning told,
Cup of green and petals pure as lilies
Washed in dew, with heart of yellow gold.

Shall the flower shame my human courage?
What if life be narrow in its hour?
Gate of gifts, in swinging on its hinges,
Never failed to leave the daisy's dower.

And I bide my blossom-time in patience
Till I learn to pray the daisy's prayer,
Asking only wit to change to petals
That which waits my seeking everywhere.

—E. H. W.

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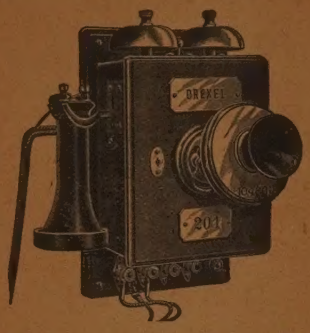

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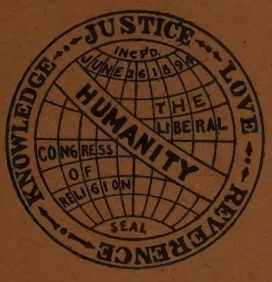
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLI. THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1898. NUMBER 19



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men must in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

On its practical side, religion is supposed, more than anything else, to cultivate fellow feeling and emphasize our common brotherhood. Yet, where Christianity, as a system, is strongest, the social distinctions are the sharpest. It is a puzzle.

If you have a sorrow that is hard to bear match it with a new duty that is a joy to perform. If your vocation begins to drain you of your vitality, match it with an avocation that renews your vitality. If you are pressed for worktimes all the more do you need a nitch of truce for pastimes.

"Why do you give so much time to the study of those lessons that you have been teaching all your life?" asked an unsuccessful teacher of the great schoolmaster, Arnold of Rugby. "Because I prefer to teach from a living stream rather than from a stagnant pool," was the reply.

The news from Santiago is increasingly hopeful and magnificently complimentary to the representatives of the American flag. But, oh! the costly price. Let our prayer be for wisdom to utilize the vantage gained and to direct the forces of destruction more persistently than ever to the ends of peace. While we say hurrah for the American soldier, let us also say bravo for Spanish valor. They too have sealed their sincerity with their life's blood, and have their right to the fellowship of heroism. May the forces at Santiago jointly make for the solidarity of the race, the fellowship of the spirit—the peace that is perpetual.

While this number of THE NEW UNITY is passing through the press the senior editor is on his annual pilgrimage to Tower Hill. He and his good horse Roos are tasting the luxuries of early morning air on the meadow-lined roads, or knowing the fatigues and the heat of the harvest sun, and by the time these lines reach our readers he will have attained the heights of Tower Hill and will be again in touch with the flowing river. He can hope only for a negative advantage from all this to our readers. If there will be less of the strain, the heat and the pressure that belongs to the active work and workers of the world in these columns for the next two months, may we not hope that all the more surely will our readers descend into the deep places of their lives where the peaceful waters are and ascend into the high places where vision is? In all this we hope they will not forget that the last anxiety that burdened us, the one anxiety we could not leave behind, was the anxiety for THE NEW UNITY. Of it we must not speak, for did we speak most of our readers would refuse to believe in the legitimacy of our anxiety, for so wedded is their love with hope and so united is their faith in the principle with their faith in the feeble instrumentalities that stand for these principles. The first is strong and invincible, the latter are weak and always need help, without which they flag and may die. In these very months of rest and renewal, perhaps more than any other months of the year, does THE NEW UNITY need your active friendship and aggressive support.

As all our readers have learned ere this, Chicago is passing through an industrial war which must prove one of the most unique and far-reaching in its results of the many similar contests of modern times. Just when the appetite for news was most feverish, the stereotypers in connection with the great Chicago dailies went on a strike, whereupon all the publishers promptly accepted the challenge of battle and left the great metropolis last Friday without a newspaper. We know nothing of the merits of the case. The real equity involved is beyond the reach of any but expert judgment, based upon a careful and extended examination of the facts. This much alone seems clear to us—two mighty forces, Labor and Capital, mutually dependent, the one upon the other, have developed an

antagonism of interests, and in this antagonism an innocent third party, the public, is immensely involved. No two parties have a right to carry a quarrel so far as to interfere with the rights of the innocent third. All quarrels must be settled either by war or by arbitration. We protest against the war method as being cruel, expensive, and, in the long run, ineffectual. We plead for arbitration as being a method from which no righteous cause need shrink. Let the questions involved be intrusted to an adequate commission, fairly appointed, by the decisions of which both parties should be pledged to abide. Pending their decision let an honorable truce be declared and the news business be carried on on the old basis. This, as it seems to us, is the only honorable road to a permanent peace. Incidentally, the great city may be taught that it can live and maintain its grade of intelligence with a much smaller ration of "news," and we may arrive at the economic conclusion that we have been having more newspapers than can be profitably supported.

Since the above was put into type the enforced silence of the Chicago newspapers has been partly broken. On Wednesday, July 6, after a suspension of five days, all the dailies put out an abridged edition of four pages each. The mechanical work, we understand, being done mostly by a joint effort in one of the offices. All the papers publish the same official statement "to the public." In this statement it is clearly stated that the proprietors of the papers did directly seek an arbitration of the questions at issue, but that the Stereotypers' Union not only refused to submit to an arbitration, but also refused a hearing to the united publishers or any representative thereof. In short, this labor union has deliberately resorted to the arbitrament of war, and it must abide by the fell result. How it will end there cannot be much doubt. Capital can submit to non-productive conditions longer than labor can. We greatly regret that these stereotypers should have so summarily refused the great boon which should be their high aim to secure—namely, a recognition of the right to organize and to protest on the part of employers and an amicable consideration of their protest by impartial experts with the pledge of both sides to abide by the decision of such experts. The question of a few cents wages per day more or less may be an important one, but this question is a trifling one, compared to the larger questions which involve the amicable settlement of all industrial disputes. We are sorry to find labor array itself against the true principle as well as the true interest. Arbitration is the word. Arbitrate! Arbitrate!

The decision that the sheriff of Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, was not guilty for killing nineteen men and wounding thirty-eight others, on September 10th of last year, during the strike of the coal miners, does not leave us without a painful feeling that it is a very dangerous sort of innocence to have common among sheriffs and deputy sheriffs. There really was no riot proved. The most that could be made of the case, in order to prove the necessity of shooting, was that the strikers were somewhat threatening in aspect. But it is not clear that a man of good judgment, or even common sense, could not have held the position without such outrageous slaughter. Back of the massacre lies the fact that the mine-owners do not employ a reputable class of laborers, but import the cheapest from the crowded herds of Europe; and then American society must take the consequences. It saves a few dollars for the millionaires, but it robs the common people. So long as great combinations of capital work for their own selfish interests there will be strikes by half-starved laborers. But it is a question whether free institutions can endure the strain of suppressing strikes at the expense of nineteen lives and thirty-eight wounded men for every trespass upon law. Meanwhile it goes into American history that a procession of workingmen, threatening violence, but not yet violent, were fired upon murderously by a sheriff's posse; and the sheriff pronounced innocent.

So far as the money power can do it, it has wakened up a sneer at what is called "Pingreeism." Governor Pingree has already accomplished so much for the people that it has become necessary to belittle his best work. He is now hammering at the excessive charges made by the railroads. The Supreme Court has decided recently that a State may primarily fix railway rates, but that the reasonableness of these rates can be a subject of inquiry in the national courts. In other words, the State may do, and yet may not do, what has been complained of—establish the rates of the roads within its own limits. Of which the Indianapolis *News* says: "It will be observed that the Supreme Court holds that the people must pay interest and dividends, not only on stocks and bonds, but on a vast amount of water. There can, of course, be no doubt that the roads must be allowed to make a fair profit on actual investment. But the people are weary of the juggling of our railroad financiers and reorganizers, and are beginning to think that they ought not to be deprived of cheap rates because of the operations of these gentlemen. So far as the Court may be deemed to sustain the theory that the people ought to be taxed to pay interest and dividends on inflated issues, it is to be regretted."

"What a grand thing to be loved! What a grander thing, still, to love! The heart becomes heroic through passion. It is no longer composed of anything but what is pure; it no longer rests upon anything but what is elevated and great. An unworthy thought can no more spring up in it than a nettle upon a glacier. The soul lofty and serene, inaccessible to common passions and common emotions, rising above the clouds and shadows of this world, its follies, its falsehoods, its hates, its vanities, its miseries, inhabits the blue of the skies, and only feels more the deep and subterranean commotions of destiny, as the summit of the mountain feels the quaking of the earth."

"Were there not some one who loved, the sun would be extinguished."

Life's Renewals or Perpetual Youth.

The old alchemists sought long and earnestly for that elixir that would convert baser metals into gold, counteract the disintegrating forces of time and secure for man perpetual youth. Juan Ponce de Leon led his Spanish followers through the jungles of Florida hoping to find hid somewhere in forest depths the fountain, drinking from which man would secure perennial youth. Expectantly they drank from every spring of fresh water they met. Anxiously they bathed in each stream they crossed, but still the days brought fatigue, the journey disease, and time death.

The early explorers of this new world traveled many weary miles in search of the new Eldorado, the land of gold. Gold indeed did these discoverers find, but it was ever mixed with dross, and it was only procurable for its exchange value. It must ever be bought at a high price. Spurred on by this high but mad quest De Soto and his band did indeed come upon the great river, but his body soon after found its resting place in the bottom of the Mississippi, which he had discovered. The elixir is not yet found, the Eldorado has never been discovered. Still those who enter the gate of birth must pass out at the gate of death. The eagle itself, contrary to the assumption of the Hebrew poet and the traditions of the ancient, must needs learn that the time will come when its pinions will stiffen. The century will dim its eye. The time comes when its moltings bring no renewal.

Let no one seek an impossible perpetuation of that which by divine necessity must end. Old age and death are a part of the beneficent order. Death and birth are divine complements. Weakness and sorrow are the conditions of life, the inevitable consequences of living.

And yet there must be that which grows not old. Once in a while we catch glimpses of a force even within the human heart that may grow more youthful with the years. The channel narrows as it deepens, and the murmuring of its waters grows more musical as it grows less turbulent. Now and then we see that which shines through faces that are canopied with white, something more youthful and sunny than anything that breaks upon the dimpled face of babyhood. Now and then we hear grandmothers crooning sunrise hymns and see grandfathers making cheerful that which youth fails to brighten. These hint at a renewal of life that justifies the inquiry, Whence comes it, and how is it?

We are persuaded that there are no Florida glades that contain the waters of immortal life; there are no sunny slopes of a Western Eldorado whereon may bask perennial youth and measureless plenty. Let there be sought rather some possible roads; traveling which the soul finds so much of a renewal that life grows more abundant, and the power of life increases and the soul grows less dependent upon the body as its elasticity grows less with years.

If life may not be renewed, it certainly can be prolonged by simplifying it. We should at least learn to economize the forces that we may not create. Certainly the spirit is sadly hurried and worried by multiplying its concerns about trifling things. Life is burdened with so many unprofitable details, that which does not contribute to either the wealth of the world, the home, or the soul. Cathedrals cannot be built out of pine scantling. Permanent statues must not be molded in snow, and the palaces that are reared in ice vanish with the summer sun. We cannot perpetuate the life that is given us by trivialities. We must not fritter away the precious wealth. The limited express that spans the distance between New York and Chicago in twenty-four hours accomplishes the feat not so much by increasing the speed as by reducing the delays. The train in the main does not travel much faster than the other trains that take a third more time, but it makes fewer stops, it attends more strictly to its through business. Chicago is its objective point. It is much so on the railroad of life. How young we would all be at sixty, aye at eighty, if we would avoid the petty, useless, the unnecessary delays, the unprofitable business at the side stations along the road. "Petty" and "unprofitable," but let not the figure mislead us. We must not forget that the great things of life are often called trivial, and the things deemed trivial really are the important things. What life is wasted and youth is lost for want of discrimination here. We know how often in our persistent rush for the central station in the metropolitan terminus we make flag stations; unimportant sidings, oftentimes of the great things in life—honor, duty, domestic helpfulness, and fireside confidences. These are the great stations, to reach which we should concentrate all our energies, making everything else, social considerations, ignoble worries, affections on things external and things transient, side stations in life, with which we need do but little traffic, at which we should seldom stop. Old age is inevitable, aye, is blessed, but premature old age is deplorable and to be avoided, and this is largely brought about by the feverish unrests of rivalry, suspicion, and jealousy. They break down the life that might remain fresh and vigorous in its eternal possession.

If we would learn the secret of perpetual youth we must do the few things, and those things must be the central ones. Like the soldier on the march, we must throw away the surplus baggage, reduce the impedimenta. Happy is the soul that travels the ways of life in light marching order. The strength of such is conserved for the long march, and all his time is his in which to work and rest.

Anglo-Saxon Oneness.

While American history is arousing a new zeal among our own people, Englishmen are as zealously laboring to recreate the history of our mother land. The time is near when no one will be held a good scholar of our institutions who is not also familiar with the evolution of the whole Anglo-Saxon stock. This is pre-eminently important because internationalism is steadily displacing nationalism; and it will not be a remote day when Mr. Dicey's prophecy will come true, and there will be a common citizenship for the whole English race. His plan is summarily this, that England and the United States should, by concurrent and appropriate legislation, create such a common citizenship that an act of the Imperial Parliament should make every citizen of the United States, during the continuance of peace between England and America, a British subject; and that simultaneously an act of Congress should make every British subject, during the continuance of such peace, a citizen of the United States. The coming into force of the one act to be made dependent upon the coming into force of the other. So that should war at any time break out between the two countries each act would ipso facto cease to have effect. The proposal sounds revolutionary. But as he himself suggests, when you come down to the bottom of the argument, the only strong plea that can be made against it is that the result would be insignificant. For as things now stand, internationalism has gone so far that an American in England loses very little of his civil rights from the fact that he is not a British subject. The exclusion of aliens from common privileges, and hemming them in with disabilities is now confined largely to Russia, in Europe. In England as in America, a foreigner may own land, can trade with freedom, enjoy his personal liberty, writing and speaking with as much freedom as an ordinary Englishman. Community of citizenship would therefore not affect civil rights so much as political. It would permit Mr. Bayard or Mr. Hay the same rights while in England as are now exercised by a traveling Canadian, or by Mr. Rhodes from South Africa. He would be able to vote for a member of Parliament; he could himself sit in Parliament, and even aspire to become a cabinet minister or a premier. So any British subject could exercise in America not only the privileges of trade, and of travel, and of speech, but of voting; and taking his place, if he could find a constituency, as a law maker in Congress.

Mr. Dicey, in suggesting this plan, has not recalled the fact that during the French Revolution foreigners were permitted precisely these privileges in France; and that Thomas Paine did sit in the Assembly of France, from which he was removed by the Revolution, in its more feverish days, to a state prison. This plan, of course, is an extreme conception of internationalism, and will not for some time to come be recognized as a feasible measure. But the approach to it has been far greater than a casual political reader would be likely to concede. We have in America to-day leaders in Legislatures, in Congress, in the pulpit, in the press; men of the mightiest influence in social and civic affairs who were born not in this country, but in England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and even in India. Mr. Dicey refers us to the fact that Mr. Godkin landed in America as a foreigner, and is to-day one of our foremost political thinkers. The same may be said of Carl Schurz, who is a leader at least of a large minority. It is pleasant to quote from a man so unsavory in American memory as King George III. the following passage: He says: "I was the last to consent to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give to this country the preference, that moment I shall say let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood have their natural and full effect." The article from which we have quoted in the *Contemporary Review* is worth farther consideration by American thinkers.

The scheme has at best no more formidable objection than that it slightly forestalls inevitable evolution. For the barriers between our two peoples have been steadily crumbling away since Canning's day, in 1823. We are at home in Great Britain almost as much as if the separation had never taken place. And an Englishman can tour the United States, and feel that he is a part of that great empire upon which the sun never sets. The close relationship of the two peoples has of late been greatly emphasized by the historical work done in defining the unity of our institutions. For we have not really so much that is original or novel in our republican organization. Alexander Hamilton was a blunderer in endeavoring to make us a mere copy of England and English life; while what was taking place was simply a natural evolution from English life. The ballot was not novel to us, nor was representative government, nor a free church, nor the common school. But we made the church more free, the school more common, the ballot more universal, and representative government we federalized. Our political habits shade away from those of England but are fundamentally the same. Our Bill of Rights, issued by the Continental Congress, had the spirit and tone of the Bill of Rights secured by the middle classes of the mother country. Our Constitution involved the same principles that were expressed in the Magna Charta and the unwritten constitution of England. It has been said that England has an unwritten constitution, but America is governed by a written constitution. This is only partly true, because beside a written constitution America has as truly as Great Britain an unwritten constitution. It is the old English common law, grown somewhat, and readjusted to new conditions. Besides this there are traditional customs grown up since the enactment of the written document of 1788, that are just as binding, and felt to be just as restraining as the written law.

E. P. P.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

"History."

A warning light, now shining bright or dim
Through various eyes and varying moods, it comes,—
Here bristling with War's livery, when drums
And bayonets obey the summons grim:
Here telling of the mart's of Commerce brim
With golden argosies; or where the thrums
Of Toil disturb both day and night; or sums
The Diplomat his wiles; or Judges trim
The harshness of the Law to suitors' rights.
Obey, thou Light, thy nature; in straight lines
With Truth, with Hope, with Justice mercy-crowned,
Thy saving beacon throw, that all around
God's men may see, and, seeing, scale His heights.
Give them to know, and, knowing, heed the signs.

OLIVER S. BROWN.

A Letter to Be Read at Sea.

MY DEAR SISTER:

Three days from now, if your plans carry without a hitch, you will be sailing out of the port of New York on your voyage to foreign parts. I will send this to the purser with instructions to deliver it to you on the morning of the next day—Sunday that will be—and I hope you will not be too seasick to read it. How desirable if we could only tell for a fortnight in advance whether the weather would remain fine! At this season of the year you are likely to get some buffetings, but your boat has the reputation of unusual steadiness, and I trust that the passage will be comfortable and pleasant in every way.

Thinking of the waves and the billows carries my thoughts away over to the Sea of Galilee, to a gusty spring night, a good many years ago. If I were a painter I would paint the scene as I think it ought to be painted. You remember that Jesus and His disciples had gone to a grassy place, east of where the Jordan flows into the sea, somewhere near Bethsaida Julius, and how, late in the evening, He had sent the disciples back to Capernaum by boat, while He went apart to pray. From the place where they took boat to Capernaum the shore line is almost straight, and the distance seems to be not more than six miles. But the night was squally, with a good deal of wind from the westward, and they made slow progress, so that by two or three o'clock in the morning they had not yet reached their destination, but were still pulling in the teeth of the wind, not far off from shore, and were almost tired out. If, as we understand, the Passover season was at hand, the moon must have been near the full. At that hour of the morning it would still be quite a way above the western horizon, and, though doubtless partially obscured by scudding clouds, it filled the damp, chilly air with a weird light. And as the disciples strained at their oars, keeping a few hundred feet from shore, but making little headway, they saw a figure come gliding along the beach (*ἐπὶ της θαλάσσης*) in the direction in which they were going, but overtaking them. The dim light from the moon fell full on His front, and His white garment fluttered as He strode on against the stiff breeze. To the weary rowers it seemed an unearthly phantom in the misty dimness, and they cried out with fright. But Jesus, for it was He, shouted to them across the waters: "Be of good cheer. It is I. Be not afraid."

To how many thousands of distressed men and women have these well-remembered words brought calm and courage! With nerves and muscles tired out, with hearts hardening in the ineffectual attempt to solve the mysteries of providence, we, too, sometimes think we see phantoms, ghostly supernatural apparitions, and we lie back on our oars and cry out in an agony of fear. And then those words come to us, faint but audible across the stretch of surging waters: Be cheerful. Don't be afraid. It is no ghostly phantom, but I, your master and friend, making better headway on foot along the beach than you are making at sea with all your tugging at the oars. Be calm. Have faith.

It is true that Matthew and John have not painted the picture as I have sketched it, and even Mark thinks that walking '*επὶ της θαλάσσης* is walking on the water instead of on the seashore. But, with all their variations in detail, and in spite of their possible misconceptions, they have preserved for us the very kernel and nucleus of the whole story, the saying of Jesus, "It is I. Be not afraid." And how characteristic it is! Recognizing the hasty mistake of those tired and troubled men, brushing it aside with the cheering declaration that what they took to be a frightful phantasm was not such, but was a natural phenomenon—the appearance on the scene of their best friend, bringing cheer and encouragement. And are not those words as rich, as sweet, as precious to us to-day as ever they were to those poor Galilean fishermen?

Well, my letter has turned out to be a sort of little lay sermon for your Sunday at sea. May the Power that works in sunshine and in steam as well as in storm and in tempest, guide you to your desired haven. Your loving brother. C.

Thrift.

"Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust."
—HOLMES.

Penuriousness is a vice. A miser is a social evil. The stingy man is a public enemy. He who gets and never gives takes from the general wealth. A few people need to be taught how to spend money. They are adepts in hoarding. But the majority need to learn the gospel of thrift. The best kind of saving is by using properly. That is, saving by legitimate investments where every dollar saved and invested brings interest by virtue of use, benefits the saver and performs at the same time its functions in the world's economic system. Such saving is legitimate, invaluable. Few feel the force of this in early years. The average young man is full of wants, the most of them unnecessary. All that is earned, be it great or small, is scattered. The balance at the end of the year is often on the wrong side of the ledger. The value of early habits of saving is that it is the beginning of possible wealth. There is a sentimental tendency to decry the possession of riches. "Money is the root of all evil" say some, "therefore remain poor." The abuse of money is an evil. Money properly used is never an evil. Money means good books, music, art, travel, education, refinement, if used for its highest possible ends. Beecher said, truly: "Wealth created without spot or blemish is an honest man's peerage and to be proud of it is his right." Wealth is created legiti-

mately by persistent saving of something out of whatever income we have. Speculating on margins, where every dollar won for us is a dollar lost for some other man, is a legalized form of robbery. But the man who saves something out of what he honestly earns, invests it legitimately or leaves it in trust with some good bank which uses it, places himself in the way of a competence and yet benefits instead of harming others in his saving. Every young man ought to save something for the possible out-of-work time; ought to save something for the possible marrying time.

The habit of small savings ought to be cultivated. "Take care of the pennies, the pounds will take care of themselves." A dollar a week is $52 per year. In ten years $520, with interest added a few hundred more. Enough to tide over many days of sickness, or lack of employment. The dollar per week is scarcely missed, requires but little sacrifice of even the young man or woman on a meager salary. The habit of saving and its accumulations give a certain dignity and confidence to the possessor. A man stands an inch taller in his boots when he has a growing bank account, even if it's not large. He is a property holder. He owns part of the United States. When his small savings go at last into a house and lot or into a few shares of sound stock in some concern that is a public benefit he takes added interest in civic well being. He votes with a consciousness that he, too, has something at stake. He wants clean streets, sanitary conditions, good water supply. All this enhances the value of his small holdings. Until a man is master of a few dollars in land or stocks he lacks an element of complete citizenship. One social danger to-day is a propertyless class who, having nothing invested, care little how things go. Let a man own a house and lot, the matter is different.

The sense of independence fostered by having something ahead is a still deeper reason for practicing economy and cultivating habits of small savings. The man who is always "broke," always in debt, always devising ways and means to dodge the fellow he has borrowed a few dollars of, never escapes the feeling of self contempt which palsies his powers and kills his ambitions. The man with a little cash buys cheaper, is more respected, stands a better chance in life in every way than the spendthrift. Save something, however small the salary. Begin to save early.—*By Rev. R. A. White, President Chicago Penny Savings System.*

"I do not know but it is too much to read one newspaper a week. I have tried it recently, and for so long it seems to me I have not dwelt in my native region. The sun, the clouds, the snow, the trees say not so much to me. You cannot serve two masters. It requires more than a day's devotion to know and possess the wealth of a day. * * * Think of admitting the details of a single case of the criminal court to stalk profanely through the very *sanctum sanctorum* for an hour, ay, for many hours! To make a very barroom of the mind's inmost apartment. * * * We should treat our minds—that is, ourselves—as innocent and ingenuous children, whose guardians we are, and be careful what objects and subjects we thrust on their attention. Read not the times. Read the eternities."—*Thoreau.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

Victor Hugo.

A PAPER BY GEORGE H. REYNOLDS, ESQ., ST. CLOUD, MINN.

"This century was two years old; the Sparta of the republic was giving place to the Rome of the empire, and Bonaparte, the first consul, was developing into Napoleon, the emperor, when at Besançon there came into the world a child in whose being flowed the mingled blood of Bretagne and Lorraine, who was colorless, sightless, voiceless, and so poor a weakling that all despaired of him except his mother. That child, whose name Life seemed to be erasing from its book, and whose short day of existence seemed destined to pass into night with never a morrow—that child am I."

These are the words penned by a man, who, in my humble judgment, was the greatest novelist the world has ever known. And age will succeed age, and century succeed century ere another appears who can stand even a comparison with Victor Hugo.

His clearness of vision, lucidity of expression, cogency of argument, aptness of comparison, power of statement, and comprehension of the subject in hand in all its ramifications and bearings, have made him for all time a source of light to all thoughtful humanity, a force in the civilization of the earth, a charming personality to all the lovers of the good and the true, a brave soul, with battle-axe always in hand, fighting for the oppressed against the oppressor—so graceful in thought and word that he is at once an artist and sculptor in the field of literary construction.

This poet, dramatist, statesman and novelist was the son of General Hugo, who while in Italy, serving Joseph Bonaparte, carried on the famous expedition against Fra Diavolo, the most daring and dangerous outlaw of his time, and succeeded in hunting down the outlaw, and was rewarded by the king, Joseph Bonaparte, by being appointed governor of Avellino. The mother and son, then five years old, joined the soldier at his governor's palace in sunny Italy, and it was here that Victor's education commenced, or rather continued—for his education was begun, as the education of all children should be, long years before his birth.

This sensitive mind was in the right condition at the proper age to be molded and fashioned by his environment, which were the most auspicious. Trailing vines, through whose tracery the sunbeams ever played; beautiful flowers budding and blooming on every hand; trees whose fruitage was bursting with nature's rich excess; birds singing their songs of love from dawn until twilight—these were the sights and sounds that helped to soften and modify the mind, soul and character of the soldier's boy.

I would, if time permitted, enjoy telling you of Hugo's struggles in early life, of his trials and disappointments while a youth, of his warfare against injustice in early manhood, but must be content, in the few moments allotted to me, with telling you why Victor Hugo was the greatest of all the great writers of fiction, and why "Les Miserables" is pre-eminently the greatest novel yet written.

To the readers of fiction who care only for entertainment and amusement, and read a novel for the same reason that they drink tea—to quiet their nerves—I would recommend some such classic literature as has semi-annually flowed from the pens of Mary J. Holmes and E. P. Roe. I am addressing this paper to a class of readers who read books for a purpose, read books because they desire to think about the live, quivering questions taken out of the great ocean of life.

A novel should be judged by its style, thought and study of human character; by the messages it brings to mankind; by the sermon it preaches; by the lessons taught; by the hopes it creates, and by its grand and noble inspirations and its ideals.

The fundamental idea of "Les Miserables" is that society engenders certain frightful evils, such as poverty, vice, ignorance, vagabondage and prostitution; and that having engendered them, it should treat them at least humanely and charitably, and not as huge monsters whose only desert is death; that inflexible vindictiveness and savage hate should not be the feeling of government toward its subjects.

In attempting to solve the problem suggested in this marvelous book, Hugo has shown the warrior traits of character inherited from his father in a marked degree, and has entered the arena fearlessly and courageously, without thought of self or consequences. In speaking of it, one great writer has said:

"The erudition, the talent, the brilliancy of execution, are astonishing and bewildering; his philological and literary powers have never been equalled. He is master of all the dialects contained in our language—dialects of the courts of law, of the stock exchange, of war, of the sea, of philosophy, and the convict gang, the dialects of trade and of archæology, of the antiquarian and the scavenger, all the bric-a-brac of history and of manners, all the curiosities of soil and sub-soil. What a prodigious memory and lurid imagination! He is at once visionary and yet master of his dreams. He summons up and handles at will opium or hasheesh, without ever becoming their dupe. *As a psychological phenomenon, he is of the deepest interest: he draws in sulphuric acid and lights his pictures with electric light. His characteristic words are immense, colossal, enormous, huge and monstrous.*"

The book teaches the great lesson that the doctrine of total depravity has no place in civilized society, and that there is a divine spark in all mankind, which, when fanned by the gentle breath of love, will glow, and under proper conditions develop into the good and useful.

"*Is there not in every human soul—was there not in Jean Valjean's—a primitive spark, a divine element, incorruptible in this world, immortal in the next, which can be developed by good, kindled, lit up and made resplendently radiant, and which evil can never entirely extinguish?*"

To the person in search of ideal manhood, I would refer him to the noble bishop, M. Myriel, in the first book of "Les Miserables." So perfect is this man that the ordinary mind pauses in thoughtful contemplation before he really understands his great deeds and thoughts. His life of continued self-sacrifice, of uninterrupted devotion to the welfare of mankind, without personal ambition, his great soul and life shone forth in every nook and cranny of his diocese. His communion with nature, his contemplation of all the laws and forces of the universe, and his willing obedience to them, his ears always open to the gentle whisperings of conscience, and his heart and hand always ready and willing to obey its dictates; his simple faith in God commands the respect and thoughtful consideration of the great army of agnostics, and intensifies their hope to a degree that they can hardly trace the boundary line 'twixt hope and faith, 'twixt here and there, between the to-day and the to-morrow of death. Listen for a moment:

"Prayer, celebration of the religious offices, alms, consoling the afflicted, the cultivation of a little piece of ground, fraternity, frugality, self-sacrifice, confidence, study and work, filled up each day of his life. Sometimes at a late hour of the night, he could be heard slowly promenading the walks. He was then alone with himself, collected, tranquil, adoring, comparing the serenity of his heart with the serenity of the skies, moved in the darkness by the visible splendors of the constellations and the invisible splendor of God, opening his soul to the thoughts which fall from the unknown. In such moments, offering up his heart at the hour when the flowers exhale their perfume, lighted like a lamp in the center of the starry night, expanding his soul in ecstacy in the midst of the universal radiance of creation—he contemplated the grandeur and the presence of God; the eternity of the future—strange mystery! the eternity of the past, yet more strange. He did not study God; he was dazzled by the thought. He reflected upon these magnificent union of atoms which give visible forms in nature, revealing forces in establishing them, creating individualities in unity, proportions in extension, the innumerable in the infinite, and through light producing beauty. * * * A little garden to walk, and immensity to reflect upon. At his feet something to cultivate and gather, above his head something to study and meditate upon, a few flowers on the earth and all the stars in the sky."

And for perfect, broad-gauged, steadfast virtue, where can be found in all literature anything equaling this:

"The officer has just arrested Jean Valjean with the stolen plate, and brought him before the bishop.

"'Ah, there you are!' said he, looking towards Jean Valjean. 'I am glad to see you. But I gave you the candlesticks also, which are silver like the rest, and would bring two hundred francs; why did you not take them along with your plate?'

"Jean Valjean opened his eyes and looked at the bishop with an expression which no human tongue could describe.

"'My friend,' said the bishop, 'before you go away, here are your candlesticks—take them,' and he went to the mantelpiece and took the two candlesticks and gave them to Jean Valjean.

"Jean Valjean was trembling in every limb. He took the two candlesticks mechanically, with a wild appearance.

"'Now,' said the bishop, 'go in peace, and when you come again you need not come through the garden; you can always come in and go out by the front door; it is closed only with a latch day or night.'

"Jean Valjean felt like a man about to faint.

The bishop approached him and said in a low voice: 'Forget not, never forget, that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man! Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to evil, but to good. It is your soul I am buying for you; I withdrew it from dark thoughts, and I gave it to God.' "

One of the great questions that are now occupying the attention of the civilized world, is "How shall criminals be treated by the state?" Shall society, in its treatment of criminals, look to the causes which produce criminals? Shall the state consider the environment of the criminal classes, and the laws of heredity, and treat crime as a disease; or shall it cling to the horrid nightmare that has descended to us from a time when "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," was the basis of all punishment? Shall the reformatory take the place of the prison and the dungeon? Shall judicial assassination, now masquerading under the guise and name of capital punishment, remain as a part of our systems of laws, as a standing menace to our nineteenth century civilization? Shall the gallows, whose every timber, mortice, beam and rope bear witness to the fact that vindictive hate, revengeful cruelty, and remorseless brutality, hovering over the civilizations of the world like a huge vampire, casting a dark shadow whose thirst for human blood can never be quenched, be perpetuated?

"The scaffold, indeed, when it is prepared and set up, has the effect of an hallucination. We may be indifferent to the death penalty, and may not declare ourselves yes or no, so long as we have not seen a guillotine with our own eyes. But when we see one, the shock is violent, and we are compelled to decide to take part for or against. Some admire it, like Le Maistre; others execrate it, like Beccaria. The guillotine is the concretion of the law; it is called the Avenger; it is not neutral, and does not permit you to remain neutral. He who sees it quakes with the most mysterious of tremblings. All social questions set up their points of interrogation about this axe. The scaffold is a vision. The scaffold is not a mere frame, the scaffold is not a machine, the scaffold is not an inert piece of mechanism made of wood, of iron, and of ropes. It seems a sort of being which had some sombre origin of which we can have no idea. One would say that this frame sees, that this machine understands, that this mechanism comprehends; that this wood, this iron, and these ropes have a will. In the fearful reverie into which its presence casts the soul, the awful apparition of the scaffold confounds itself with its horrid work. The scaffold becomes the accomplice of the executioner; it devours, it eats flesh, and it drinks blood. The scaffold is a sort of monster created by the judge and the workman, a spectre, which seems to live with a kind of unspeakable life, drawn from all the death which it has wrought."

Who is there among us that has progressed far enough under the inexorable decrees of the law of evolution not to admire nerve, bravery and heroic conduct; who is there who is not, in small degrees at least, a hero-worshiper? Who is there who will not wave the handkerchief or lift the hat to feats of strength and courageous conduct? Let me ask you to read the adventure of Jean Valjean with the bandits in the garret of the Thenardiers.

"*You are pitiable*, but my life is not worth the trouble of so long a defense. *As to your imagining that you could make me speak, that you could make me write what I do not wish to write, that you could make me say what I do not wish to say*——" He pulled up the sleeve of his left arm, and—"HERE!" at the same time he extended his arm, and laid upon the naked flesh the glowing chisel, which he held in his right by the wooden handle. They heard the hissing of the burning flesh; the odors peculiar to chambers of torture spread through the den. The face of the wonderful man hardly contracted, and while the red hot iron was sinking into the smoking, impassable and almost august wound, he turned upon Thenardier his fine face, in which there was no hatred and in which suffering was swallowed up in a serene majesty.

"WRETCHES," said he, "*have no more fear of me than I have of you*," and drawing the chisel out of the wound, he threw it through the window; "*do with me what you will.*"

I have left one of the most interesting characters of this remarkable book for the last, for it is a fitting finale to a review of Les Miserables.

"This man was a compound of two sentiments, very simple and very good in themselves, but he almost made them evil by his exaggeration of them—respect for authority, and hatred of rebellion. And in his eyes, theft, murder, all crimes, were only forms of rebellion. He had nothing but disdain, aversion and disgust for all who had once overstepped the bounds of law. He was absolute, and admitted no exceptions. On the one hand he said: 'A public officer cannot be deceived; a magistrate never does wrong,' and on the other hand, he said, 'They are irremediably lost, no good can come out of them.' He was stoical, serious and austere; a dreamer of stern dreams, humble and haughty like all fanatics. His whole life was contained in these two words, 'waiting and watching.' His conscience was bound up in his utility, his religion in his duties, and he was a spy as others are priests. Woe to him who should fall into his hands!"

This was the man or blood-hound who was constantly on the track of Jean Valjean, and who pursued by day and by night—cold, remorseless, without pity, a literalist in his construction of all the provisions of the penal code. This cold-blooded police inspector, whose range of vision never varied from a straight line, who worshipped no god save duty, and held himself amenable to no authority save the Government; no extenuating circumstance could alter his course, and no overruling necessity affect his judgment. Heredity, environment, mistakes produced by hunger, were to him *all* unknown quantities. Finally, overcome and overwhelmed by the magnanimity of Jean Valjean, a complete revolution took place in the character of Javert, *a coal of blazing fire had entered the heart of the iceberg*, and it began to melt and become soft.

"A beneficent malefactor, a compassionate convict, kind, helpful, clement, returning good for evil, returning pardon for hatred, loving pity rather than vengeance, preferring to destroy himself rather than to destroy his enemy, saving him who had stricken him, kneeling upon the height of virtue, nearer the angels than men—Javert was compelled to acknowledge that this monster existed. His reflection fell back upon himself, and by the side of Jean Valjean exalted, he beheld himself, Javert, degraded."

These reflections were too much for this stern, remorseless, dutiful man, and the only thing left was suicide, and to this he resorted.

Do you desire to find definitions of that mysterious substance, that intangible essence, that subtle fluid, that divine inheritance, that indissolubly binds together human hearts of opposite sexes, and is the one great power that rules the world—are you looking for the most exalted and exquisite definition of love? If so, read the letter Cosette found under the stone.

"The reduction of the universe to a single being, the expansion of a single being even to God, this is love.

"What a void is the absence of the being who alone fills the world! Oh! how true it is that the beloved being becomes God! One would conceive that God would be jealous if the Father of all had not evidently made creation for the soul, and the soul for love!"

"Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees."

"Separated lovers deceive absence by a thousand chimerical things which still have their reality. They are prevented from seeing each other, they cannot write to each other; they find a multitude of mysterious means of correspondence. They commission the song of the birds, and perfume of the flowers, the laughter of the children, the light of the sun, the sighs of the wind, the beams of the stars, the whole creation. And why not? All the works of God were made to serve love. Love is powerful enough to charge all nature with its messages.

"O Spring! thou art a letter which I write to her."

"Love partakes of the soul itself. It is of the same nature. Like it, it is a divine spark; like it, it is incorruptible, indivisible, imperishable. It is a point of fire which is within us, which is immortal and infinite; which nothing can limit and which nothing can extinguish. We feel it burn even in the marrow of our bones, and we see it radiate even to the depths of the sky."

"After a life of love, an eternity of love is an augmentation indeed; but to increase in its intensity the ineffable felicity which love gives to the soul in this world, is impossible even with God. God is the plentitude of heaven; love is the plentitude of man."

"You look at a star from two motives, because it is luminous and because it is impenetrable. You have at your side a softer radiance and a greater mystery, woman."

"We all, whoever we may be, have our respirable beings. If they fail us, the air fails us; we stifle, then we die. To die for lack of love is horrible. The asphyxia of the soul."

"Nothing suffices love. We have happiness, we wish for paradise; we have paradise, we wish for Heaven.

"O ye, who love each other, all this is in love. Be wise enough to find it. Love has, as much as heaven, contemplation, and more than heaven, passionate delight."

"There is a strange thing, do you know it? I am in the night. There is a being who has gone away and carried the heavens with her."

"Love. A sombre starry transfiguration is mingled with this crucifixion. There is ecstacy in the agony."

"O joy of the birds! it is because they have their nest that they have their song."

"I met in the street a very poor young man who was in love. His hat was old, his coat was threadbare; there were holes at his elbows; the water passed through his shoes and the stars through his soul."

I have in these quotations given only faint glimpses of the treasures which abound on nearly every page of this phenomenal book. Sometimes the moral, political, social and economic lessons burst forth in lurid flames, holding the reader entranced and spell-bound as sentence upon sentence, paragraph after paragraph, and page after page belch from the crater of this mighty volcano.

Sometimes the arguments to sustain some point or proposition will rise higher and higher, and assume more gigantic proportions, until the reader will unawares behold a majestic mountain peak, high grand and snow-capped. The similes will come pouring down the mountain side, and dashing in cataracts over mighty precipices, or noiselessly gliding into quiet meadow brooks through peaceful valleys into the mighty depths of the human heart.

And, again, the highly colored and beautifully shaded word pictures will rise before one's vision, and succeed one another in rapid succession, until one becomes bewildered, astonished and amazed at the magnificence of the scene.

Who can follow Jean Valjean from his moral and religious awakening, when he discovered that there was some virtue in life, until he finally disappears, almost as mysteriously as he appeared, without being awakened to a realization of the stern and awful fact that there is something the matter with our political and social life? Poor old man, our admiration for you when saving Fantine from her life of shame is bounded only by the length and breadth of our understanding; for rearing, educating and removing from the path of little innocent Cosette the sharp and cruel stones, you are entitled to the deepest gratitude; for the glimpse of thine immortal soul we get by the light of the white-heated chisel in the den of wild beasts with the Thenadiers, we thank thee! And through the filth, dirt and mire of the sewer, we can discern a strength of love and devotion that makes your life and character shine with a brilliancy that is dazzling to our finite senses.

Jean Valjean, thou art, indeed, the greatest character in all history or fiction, and the hero of a story greater than all the rest!

In conclusion, let me say in the language of the author's preface:

"So long as there shall exist, by reason of law and custom, a social condemnation, which, in the face of civilization, artificially creates hells on earth, and complicates a destiny that is divine, with human fatality; so long as the three problems of the age—the degradation of man by poverty, the ruin of woman by starvation, and the dwarfing of childhood by physical and spiritual night—are not solved; so long as, in certain regions, social asphyxia shall be possible; in other words, and from a yet more extended point of view, so long as ignorance and misery remain on earth, books like this cannot fail to be useful."

The Study Table.

Heaven.

A sudden forward step he took,
Eye flashed to eye!
That word from soul to soul, we read
"Thyself deny!"

Each knew in each the tempted heart,
Its moment—joy,
Its soundless sob, its pean high,
Sublime alloy!

That kiss renounced, untasted sweet—
Impure if given—
Our unwed souls with bliss hath crowned—
Made torture heaven.

ANNA H. FROST.

HELBECK OF BANNISDALE.—By Mrs. Humphry Ward. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1898.

The romantic title of Mrs. Ward's latest novel hints at a situation which is certainly romantic, while yet of that best realism, which consists in adherence to the truth of moral and spiritual laws and to reality in the conception of character and conduct, there is certainly no lack. The book is far less significant than "Robert Elsmere" because it deals with a situation which is far less common than that of the hero there,—the most characteristic and important situation of our time. In "David Grieve," "Marcella," and "Sir George Tressady" there may have been scenes of more insistent power than any here displayed. But nowhere, heretofore, has Mrs. Ward written with such easy mastery of her material; nowhere has she created characters of such vital individuality nor one so winsome and pathetic as Laura Fountain; and, writing here with less elaboration than elsewhere, leaving much to the reader's imagination, she has given to "Helbeck of Bannisdale" a movement, a steady flow, a cumulative rush, that is new in her work and most effective and impressive. With all our admiration of her novels before this, there has been something in each one that we have wished absent or different, something unassimilated, perhaps like the East-end business in "Sir George Tressady"; or something not thoroughly mastered, like the political complications of that novel. There is nothing that we would have absent or different here except, possibly, the iron-works episode where we seem to have a personal experience emphasized unduly. The story, more than any since "Robert Elsmere," has a religious essence, and consequently Mrs. Ward's foot, as nowhere since then, is on her native heath. But nowhere does her personal religious interest get the better of her artistic sense. Neither Helbeck nor Laura is converted into a liberal of her particular kind. The temptation to this violence must have been considerable but it has not availed. From first to last Laura is obedient to the law of her individuality; Helbeck to his.

The scheme of the story is the simplest possible. Laura Fountain, the agnostic daughter of an agnostic father, goes as the companion of her invalid stepmother to the Westmoreland home of Alan Helbeck, who is an old English Catholic. His early repulsion from Laura and hers from him is the conventional assurance that they will soon be in love with each other, and they are. But there is a fly in the ointment: for her, his Catholic piety, which she cannot understand; for him, her indifference and opposition to that which is so much to him. Much of the power of the book is in the study of Helbeck's piety. This study is as sympathetic as if it came from Walter Pater's hand, while still there is a human criticism in it as seen through Laura's eyes. Helbeck's piety is not of the old English Catholic type. It is much more careful and intense, that of the Gallican school. We can easily imagine that many readers of the novel will wonder at the subjection of such a mind and character as Helbeck's to such ceremonies and beliefs. But they must not be wise above what is written. They must not evolve a Helbeck from their own inner consciousness. Helbeck was what he is represented as having been. He is to be judged by his thoughts and actions, and not these by some conception of his character in the reader's mind. We have the life of Cardinal Newman to assure us that a man of the most acute and brilliant intellect can believe and do such things as Helbeck believes and does. The tragedy of the story, to a very great extent, is in the subjection of such a mind to such an order of belief and in the dehumanization of a man of so much natural ability.

"Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum."

The lesson is, How much religion can do to unmake a man.

Convinced that her marriage to Helbeck would introduce into his life a foreign element that would cause indefinite irritation and mar its beautiful integrity; convinced equally that his religion was something to which his love was secondary, Laura leaves him and goes to Cambridge, where her father had lived his characteristic life. All of Helbeck's endeavors to regain her are summed up in a few sentences.

After a time the condition of her step-mother, Helbeck's sister, lures Laura back to Bannisdale. But the situation does not improve. The pious fuss made over the osseous relic of some saint is the last straw which breaks the back of her long overburdened self-restraint. Helbeck rebukes her sharply, and there soon follows a scene in which she tells him frankly that she cannot live without his love, and that she will be a Catholic if anything can make her so. Even greater than his delight in her unalterable affection is his delight in the prospect of her conversion. But for her, when she comes to think of it, this is simply impossible. Her father's remembered rationalism makes it so and "the voice of her own life." She had little reasoned argument wherewith to meet Helbeck's assault, but what was argument in her father's mind, in hers was a passionate intuition. And this was sufficient for her salvation. She could not live with him; she could not live without him; nothing remained but death, and that she sought and found.

The tragedy is pitiful, but we are left at the end with a sense of victory. Schiller's condition is met: the pain is triumphed over. It is triumphed over by Laura's perfect love. Say that Helbeck did not deserve it. The Helbeck of her idealization deserved it all. And what a triumph death compared with marriage to one so dehumanized by his religion. How much better that than either being subdued to his imperious hand or lifelong chafing in a futile opposition to his wish and will. Laura dead, Helbeck went at once to his own place—the Jesuit order. Not even her death could give him back his humanity. What surer sign could there have been that his religion had eaten out its heart? J. W. C.

The Science of Political Economy.*

The title of the work is misleading; for it is neither an orderly exposition of the body of political economy; nor a presentation of an essential part thereof from a new point of view (since the author adds nothing to his former well-known propositions); nor a dispassionate and trustworthy analysis and refutation of the basis of the science as set forth by any school of accepted teachers. Despite the claim of the author to have demolished the older teachers and their teachings, the book deplorably fails in the undertaking to demonstrate that, because there is no agreed terminology, therefore there is no science of political economy. For while science is orderly knowledge, and the growing sciences are all more or less in the state of getting knowledge into order, yet no one would venture to assert that those sciences are no sciences in which as, for instance, in botany one of the great present difficulties lies in the inchoate state of the agreed terminology. It is precisely because the science is making such lively progress that this difficulty is so obvious, and overcoming it is so urgently needful. It is a little late in the day to flout the economists for admitting that their science is not an exact one like mathematics; and for cultivating their field of research in the only way in which it can be cultivated fruitfully, namely by induction. That battle was fought out a generation ago.

With the unavoidable narrowness of the man of one language, Mr. George has remained oblivious of the undermining effect wrought upon the Continental schools of political economy by the development of the German Social-Democratic party with its two million voters and its propositions as definite as those of the Corn-law Repeal Party in England in its palmiest days; or our own gold-standard or high-tariff party. While it is true that the German and Austrian writers have not (as Mr. George rather plaintively points out) attributed their somewhat bewildering changes of base to the study of Progress and Poverty, the reason for their omission to do so is not the dishonorable one which Mr. George does not hesitate to impute, but an entirely different one; namely the fact that they have been engaged in a struggle with a far more pressing and alarming foe, the German Social Democracy and its orthodoxly-accepted scriptures in the shape of Marx' Capital.

An active school of political economists is powerful in proportion as it interprets successfully the interests of an oncoming dominant class, as the school of Smith and Ricardo interpreted the needs of the oncoming manufacturing and commercial class of their own day as against the landlords. The economists of to-day may find their task of interpreting the interests of the oncoming working-class so difficult because they are, as Mr. George alleges, constrained to endeavor to reconcile those interests with the interests of the capitalists. In this endeavor they are spurred to ceaseless activity, not by any one volume (however cogent its arguments, and keen its critical thrusts), but by the positive actions and growing demands of organized bodies taking the form of an enormous voting constituency in Germany, an only less enormous trades union organization in England—and demonstrations of dissatisfaction such as Coxey's Army, strikes and communistic colonization schemes in our own country.

It is difficult to understand how the writer of one of the most valuable and successful volumes of criticism, in a period rich in critics of our social and political system, should so far have lost his sense of proportion as to make, in the present more pretentious and less valuable work, the claim that the alleged demoralization of the economists is the fruit of his labors exclusively, forgetting that other writers have found stimulus in the same forces, economic and otherwise, which stimulated himself.

FLORENCE KELLEY.

*The Science of Political Economy. Henry George; N. Y. Doubleday & McClure Co. 1898.

The New Dispensation.—The New Testament translated from the Greek by Robert D. Weekes. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, 1897. pp. viii. 525.

This is the work of a layman who recently passed away almost immediately after the publication of his work. His aim was to give an English version of the thought of the writers of the New Testament, a genuine translation, but not a slavish matching of words. Using greater freedom than the authors of the Revised Version, he also aimed to avoid antiquated forms of expression and substitutes paragraphs for the old divisions of chapter and verse. Capitals are employed to show where a special emphasis rests.

The enterprise is certainly commendable. The English versions are strangely inanimate in comparison with the Greek, and it would be a great boon to have a translation which would realize the ideal of Mr. Weekes. I imply that Mr. Weekes fell short of the mark. He had not rid himself of a certain stately, archaistic style which is not in the Greek at all. Forms like "hath," "commandeth," "ye may know," "even unto death," "doth not acknowledge," impart a tone and solemnity foreign to the original. Apart from a few features like this, the translation is very successful. Let anyone read the Gospel of Mark in this version and he will gain a new pleasure. He will feel himself brought nearer to the scene.

It is not clear what degree of acquaintance with modern critical scholarship was brought to the work. Certainly the greater faults of this version are due to errors of exegesis. I may cite the following: I. Cor. 14.13, "Wherefore let him that speaketh in a foreign language, pray that he may translate." Rom. 1.3. "Who came of the family of David with respect to his bodily nature, and who was designated to be the Son of God by his power (in accordance with his spirit of holiness) of rising from among the dead." III. John 5, "Thou are doing a thing appropriate to the Faith." (Piston poieis.) I should be sorry to create the impression from such instances that errors are abundant. Even should we need to object more frequently, we might be glad to have this fresh unconventional rendering. Men read the older versions without knowing the meaning. The phrases are so familiar that men fancy themselves to be following the thought as well as the sound. For such readers I am glad that Mr. Weekes wrote "unspiritual nature" instead of "flesh." In almost every passage of Paul the reader unfamiliar with Greek will be startled to fresh understanding and appreciation. Let us be grateful for this patient and independent effort to give us the New Testament in English and imagine the delicate joys which the unassuming scholar had in his discriminations and renderings. Let us only ask further that it may challenge some master of technical scholarship to adopt the same plan and produce something more accurate.

FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.— First find thyself; 'tis half-way house to God;
Then lose thyself, and all the road is trod.
MON.— Wherever simple folk love, pray and trust,
Behold the House of God, the gate of Heaven!
TUES.— Keep but a green bough for his feet
And God will send a blackbird there.
WED.— Learn thou with flowers to dress, with birds to feed,
And pinch thy large want to thy little need.
THURS.—Dost smile at tales of seraph ministries?
God sends the angels; thou must bring the eyes.
FRI.— Two men look out through the same bars;
One sees the mud, and one the stars.
SAT.— Few things there be I call my own to-day,
And these be all—the things I gave away.

Frederick Langbridge.

Clover.

Just a head of nodding clover,
With the soft wind passing over,
In a sunny field!
Oh! you bit of crimson beauty,
Doing fullest blossom-duty,
Generous your yield:

Honey for your great bee lovers;
Seeds within their sheath-like covers;
Pure delight for me!
In my heart is added sweetness;
And, because of your completeness,
Faith to do and be.

I will sing of your sweet growing
Till another's heart is glowing
With a love like mine;
For (why tell the sweet things over?)
She is just a human clover,
And her life like thine!

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

A Progressive Bean.

"Two weeks ago, Ted," said his father, "I planted a dry, hard bean out here; and the second morning after that I planted another, and every other morning since I have planted a bean. The last one I put in the ground this morning. See! here it is." And Ted's father began to draw the earth away from a bit of stick that was stuck in the ground. "It is hard and dry, just as it was this morning. Now we 'll look at the one I put in day before yesterday morning."

In a moment that one was dug up.

"See! it has swollen a little in the damp earth," his father continued. "I 'll split it open down the middle, and you 'll see a tiny bit of a stem at one end lying curled up between the two halves of the bean."

"Yes; there it is!" cried Ted, growing interested.

"Now we 'll look at the one planted two days before that," said his father. "Now this is swollen still bigger; and I can open it with my fingers, the outside covering is so soft."

"The little stem has grown bigger, and is trying to straighten out," said Ted.

"Here 's the one planted two days before that one."

"Why!" said the little boy, excitedly; "the little stem has come out through the outside covering, and the two halves of the bean have spread apart at the other end."

"And this one that is two days older still?" said Ted's papa, smiling to see how interested his little boy was getting.

"That? Why, *that 's* a regular little plant! And, oh! how funny! The two halves of the bean stand up just like two leaves!" And Ted opened his eyes very wide indeed.

"Here 's the next member of this interesting family."

"That has little roots starting down from the stem; and those two halves of the bean are turning green, just like 'really and truly' leaves," cried Ted, looking very closely at the little plant.

"We won't have to dig up the next plant," said papa. "It has poked its head up through the ground; and you can see a bit of a stalk growing up between the two halves of the bean, that are still greener than the last ones."

"And here in the last one the bit of a stalk has sent out two real little leaves," said Ted, walking along to where the first bean of all was planted two weeks before.

"It 's a regular little plant now," he said. "But was the little plant in the bean all the time papa?"

"It was curled up there in the bean all the time," was the answer. "And now, if John will give you a handful of peas, you may try the same experiment, and see how peas grow."

But before papa had finished, a small pair of legs were flying down the path to find John, the gardener.—*Selected.*

Our Flag.

The statement that our national emblem is fashionably used for yacht and hammock cushions has been going the rounds of newspapers, with but few to say it nay. A young girl who recently gave a yachting party rallied her guest of honor, a boyish ensign, because he took an uncomfortable and isolated seat on the bow.

"Really," he answered, laughing, "I have punched the heads of so many sailors for getting their heels accidentally mixed up in the flag that I cannot sit on it myself."

And he was right. The stars and stripes are to be raised aloft, to be wrapped around dead heroes, to be saluted with pride and reverence, not to be made into chair seats nor to drape bargain handkerchiefs, nor to fly from the bung of whisky-barrels. Against such common prostitution of our flag, each one of us, like the young officer, can make personal protest.—*Youth's Companion.*

A little boy spent the day in the country at his grandmother's. Such a good time as he had, running and racing, and shouting for all he was worth! At last night came, and, tired and sleepy, the little boy sought repose. "O grandma!" he cried, as he kissed her good-night, "now I know what a hollerday really and truly is, for I've hollered all day long!"

If thou bear the cross willingly, it will bear thee. It thou bear it unwillingly, thou increaseth thy load, and yet thou must bear it. If thou cast away one cross, thou shalt find another, and perhaps a more heavy one.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

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All Letters concerning the Publishers' Department should be addressed to Alfred C. Clark & Co., 185 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Editorial.—All matter for the Editorial Department should be addressed to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Station M, Chicago, Ill.

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

The Monsalvat School of Comparative Religion.

The following is the organization of the above school to be held at Greenacre, Maine, during the month of August:

Director and Lecturer on the History and Philosophy of Religion, Dr. Lewis G. Janes, M.A. (Brown University).

Lecturer on the Vedanta Philosophy and Religions of India, The Swâmi Abhedânanda of India.

Lecturer on Hebrew Prophecy, Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell University.

Lecturer on the Theology, Ethics and Religion of the Talmud, Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D.D., of Philadelphia.

Lecturer on Christian Ethics, Jean du Buy, Ph. D., J. U. D., of New York.

Lecturer on the Religion and Philosophy of the Jains, Mr. Virchand R. Gandhi, B.A., M. R. A. S., of Bombay.

Lecturer on Islam and the Koran, Emin Leo Nabokoff, of New York.

Conference on the Unity of Faith. August 1-6, 1898.—A conference on the unity of faith will be held during the first week of the school session, in which other phases of the general subject will be treated by able speakers.

The purpose of the Monsalvat School of Comparative Religion will be to afford opportunity for the scientific study of various forms of philosophical and religious thought, under competent teachers, with the primary object of the ascertainment of Truth, and its helpful application to Life.

Experience has demonstrated that such a course of study is elevating to the mind, broadening to the social sympathies, and quickening to the spiritual nature. The sustained interest in these studies since the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, in 1893, and the success of the School during the past two seasons, indicate that the time is ripe for such an effort.

It is hoped that the course of study will also find favor with teachers of religion and ethics of all denominations, and particularly with those who as missionaries or teachers are likely to come in contact with non-Christian cults, and to whom an understanding of their philosophical bases and the nobler phases of their thought should be regarded as an indispensable preparation for their work.

It may be well to add the assurance that no propaganda of any special system will be attempted. The purpose of the instruction is entirely unsectarian.

The session of 1898 involves a general course of lectures on the Relation of Science to Religious Thought, by the Director, Dr. Lewis G. Janes; and special courses on the Vedanta Philosophy and Religions of India, by the Swâmi Abhedânanda, of India; on the Hebrew Prophets, by Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University; on the Literature, Ethics and Philosophy of the Talmud, by Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D.D., of Philadelphia; on Islam and the Koran, by Emin L. Nabokoff, of New York; on the Philosophy and Religion of the Jains, by Mr. Virchand R. Gandhi, B.A., M.R.A.S., of Bombay, India; and on the Teachings of Jesus, by Jean du Buy, Ph.D. (Yale), J.U.D. (Heidelberg).

The Swâmi Abhedânanda is a Sannyâsin Monk, of the same brotherhood as the Swâmis Vivekânanda and Sâradânanda, so well and favorably known in this country. His ability and attainments as a teacher have been abundantly established by his work in New York and Washington, D. C., during the past winter.

Mr. Nathaniel Schmidt is the Professor of Semitic languages and Literatures in Cornell University, a gentleman of wide scholarship and an able instructor.

Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D.D., is an able and scholarly interpreter and expounder of the Talmudic literature, a rare opportunity for an introduction to which is offered by his course of lectures.

Mr. Virchand Râghavji Gandhi is a member of the Indian National Congress and Honorary Secretary of the International Society for the Education of Women in India. He was the official representative of the Jain Communities of India to the Parliament of Religions, and is highly commended as a competent teacher of Jainist Doctrines. His courses at the Monsalvat School in 1897, and at the Cambridge Conferences during the past winter, were highly appreciated by the students.

Dr. Jean du Buy has been a student of Law, Economics, Social Science and Psychology at the Berlin University (Germany), and received the degree of Doctor Utriusque Juris from Heidelberg University in 1889, and of Doctor of Philosophy from Yale University in 1894. Since then he has taken a special course in New Testament Theology in the Yale Divinity School, and has taught in the Amity Bible-Workers' School in New York City.

Emin L. Nabokoff, a representative of the Faith of Islam, will give one Class Lecture on The Koran and Its Teachings, and a general lecture on The Moslem Faith.

Dr. Janes is well known through his work in the Brooklyn Ethical Association and Cambridge Conferences, in Ethics, Philosophy and Comparative Religion, and as Lecturer on Sociology and Government in the Brooklyn Institute School of Political Science. The general management of the School will be under his direction, as heretofore.

Further information given by addressing Dr. L. G. Janes, 168 Brattle street, Cambridge, Mass.; after July 23 at Eliot, Maine.

Books Received.

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